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burned. By the end of the afternoon, the mound of hot, red hot, ashen was about 5 feet long and about three feet high. I am told it will take over 24 hours to burn itself out. You can not imagine how good it looks around here now. About ten trees have gone and about that many will go next week-end. John's family went back into Carbondale around 5 P.M. and John stayed for a couple of hours and he and I worked on the tidying up of the wall at the North side of the Cemetery. Wait till you see how grand it now looks. John repaired the wall and constructed a gate; SRP cut brush along the wall. Very exciting.

Monday, September 24, 1984 —

True, the mound of ashen was still warm last night around midnight when I took my final turn around the building for the day. Yesterday I was invited to go for a day-long motorcycle jaunt to the Salmon River Fish Hatchery on Lake Ontario. Three motorcycles: Jack & Connie Babernick, JVB & SRP, Doc Matthews and Richard Babernick. I drove into town and left my car at 46 Canaan and away we went — over 12 hours and 300 miles later we returned to Carbondale. I had a grand time. Since we were so close to Oswego, I persuaded the group to make a detour so that I could see my old place of employment — where I had my first full-time job. I particularly enjoyed seeing the palatial residence of SRP on West Fifth Street there. We motored along the lake. There is a hatchery at a place called Altmar, NY, where millions of salmon are hatched and then placed into Lake Erie and Ontario — a river connects the hatchery to Lake Ontario. When these millions of salmon

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are sexually mature, 2 to 5 years later, the salmon return to the hatchery (where they were born) and lay their eggs and then die. They only spawn once in their lifetimes. The river up which they travel from Lake Ontario to return to the hatchery is about as big as the Lackawanna is through Carbondale. Nevertheless, millions of salmon — some over three feet long — make their way up the river. It is a truly astounding sight and one that is observed by thousands of spectators. Herds of huge fish returning ^{from} whence they came & doing so with a do-or-die passion. When the fish arrive at the hatchery they enter a series of concrete channels in which water rushes at them with considerable force — the fish plunge headlong into the concrete channels, which are progressively steeper and higher (the high) and the fish all ascend the so-called fish ladder and hurl themselves into huge breeding ponds (home base) where they spawn and die. Their young are then placed in the Great Lakes and the whole cycle begins again. The whole cycle is perfectly thrilling / primeval / elemental.

This morning I did my laundry down in the Tinker Creek and it is now drying on a clothes line I have erected out back. I will go into town in about 4 hours and stop at the Post Office, where I will mail this letter to you.

Regards —
J Robert